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THE CARMEN SECULARE

OF

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TRANSLATED

INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

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Horatius K.

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TRANSLATED

Into ENGLISH VERSE.

By the AUTHOR of the ODE
TO THE WARLIKE GENIUS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

LONDON:
FOR THE AUTHOR,
Printed at Laidler's Office, Princes-Street, Leiceſter-Fields;
And Sold by Dodsley, Pall-Mall; Bew, Pater-Noſter-Row; Becket, Corner of the Adelphi; Richardson and Urquhart, Exchange; Johnson, St. Paul's Church-Yard; Kearsley, Fleet-Street; Ridley, St. James's Street; and W. Davis, Piccadilly.

M DCC LXXIX.

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THE CARMEN SECULARE, TRANSLATED.

PROLOGUE.

HENCE, ye Prophane! far hence away,
Let no unhallow'd ſound,
Diſturb the myſteries of the ſacred day,
While, to Youths and Virgins liſtening round,
In novel Verſe,
Prieſt of the Muſes, I rehearſe.

PART I.

THE God of verſe himſelf inſpires
And warms me with poetic fires;
Virgins and Youths attend!
From Rome's great anceſtors you ſpring,
Ye blooming Virgins, Dian ſing,
Dian the Virgin's friend!

The force of her unerring bow
The flying deer and lynces know;
The chaſe alone her pleaſure;

While you chaunt the Goddeſs' praiſe
To Muſic's time, confine the lays
And keep the Sapphic meaſure.

Ye Youths and Virgins! join the ſong,
To Phœbus' praiſe the notes prolong,
Who rules the ſhining day;
Voices accordant, both attune
To ſing the growing orbed Moon
Who o'er the night bears ſway.

The Lunar influence rules the earth,
To teeming fruitful glebes gives birth
And ſwells the blade and grain:
While days, and weeks, and months and years,
Revolving round th' appointed ſpheres
Acknowledge Luna's reign.

Some beauteous Virgin, who now ſings
Or Youth that ſtrikes th' enraptur'd ſtrings,
When Hymen joins the hand;
Shall ſay, we jointly ſung the lays
To Phœbus and Diana's praiſe
In the Horatian band.

Rapt with the Muſes' heavenly fire,
When tuneful Horace ſwept the lyre
To ſing the feſtive day;
Auguſtus lent a friendly ear,
While each God liſten'd from his ſphere,
And Jove approv'd the lay.

PART II.

BOTH CHOIRS.

WHEN Niobæan Race defy'd
Latona's Offspring.—Their fallen pride
Own'd thy avenging power:
Tityus, the raviſher's diſgrace
Finiſh'd the ruin of the race
Deſtroy'd in luckleſs hour.

All human force who laugh'd to ſcorn,
Achilles ſelf, tho' Goddeſs-born
Of Peleus' haughty line!
The Pylian javelin from his hand,
Uſeleſs he drop'd at thy command.
And own'd thy power divine.

His ſpear unable to deſtroy,
Shook the ſtrong batlements of Troy,
Fated himſelf to fall:
Like cypreſs tall, or pine laid low,
Thou triumph'ſt in his overthrow,
Before the Trojan wall.

Had Fate but ſpar'd the Hero's life,
Inſatiable of martial ſtrife
He'ad play'd the warrior's part;
Confiding in his matchleſs force,
He would have ſcorn'd the wooden horſe,
Contriv'd by Pallas' art.

No laws his fierceneſs can controul,
(Such the fell purpoſe of his ſoul!)
Nor age nor ſex had ſpar'd:
The crying infant in the flame,
His hand had thrown, nor ſpar'd the dame,
Nor Priam's age rever'd.

But Jove indulgent lent his ear
To thine and Venus' ardent prayer,
Favouring Æneas' fate!
To him thou gav'ſt in milder Skies
A greater Empire to ariſe
In time's remoter date.

Whether in Xanthus' ſtream you play
Beauteous fair-hair'd God of day
Quit thou awhile the ſtream:
Thou didſt inſpire the Grecian Muſe,
Nor to the Latian Bard refuſe
To prompt the Roman theme,

PART III.

BOYS,

YE tender Virgins, Dian ſing!

GIRLS,

Ye Boys, your voices raiſe,
In young Apollo's praiſe;

BOTH CHOIRS,

The common Parent ſing,
Latona! lov'd by Heav'n's high King.

BOYS,

Sing ye the Goddeſs who delights,
In craggy rocks and mountain-heights,
And every ſylvan ſcene:
In Erymanthus' gloomy wood
Wide hanging o'er the ſubject flood,
Or Gragus ever green.

GIRLS,

Ye youths united voices raiſe,
Sing Delos' Iſle—ſing Phœbus' praiſe,
The God of heavenly fire;

Behold bright Sol's refulgent face,
His ſhoulders quiver'd arrows grace,
Deck'd with fraternal lyre.

BOYS,

Lo! ſhe ſhall drive deſtructive war

GIRLS,

And he the peſtilence a far

BOTH CHOIRS,

From Cæſars joyful reign:
To Mauritania's diſtant race,
And India with her ſwarthy face;
Nor we invoke in vain.

PART IV.

BOTH CHOIRS,

O God of day, and Queen of night!
Conſtellations heavenly bright:
From your refulgent ſphere
Look down on this terreſtrial clime,
And at this conſecrated time,
Regard your ſuppliants' prayer.

The Sybil—Oracle divine!
Prognoſticates the ſacred time,
And we obſerve the Day;
To Gods perform th' accuſtom'd rite,
Gods, whom the ſeven hills delight,
And ſing the feſtive lay.

BOYS,

You Genial Sun! the day reveal,
In nights dark ſhade, the day conceal,
One and an other riſe:
Shine on your Rome with ſplendor due,
Than Rome naught greater may'ſt thou view
With thy all-ſeeing eyes.

GIRLS,

O! gentle Goddeſs condeſcend,
The pregnant Matron to defend
And grant an eaſy birth;
What ever title you approve,
Gen'thyllis-Luna call'd above,
Lucina here on earth.

Still to reſtrain unlawful love
Th' imperial mandate you approve,
And Senate's wiſe decree:
Protect, O Goddeſs, Heavenly bright!
The ſacred Hymenæal rite,
From rape and inceſt free.

BOTH CHOIRS.

Grant thou! that each revolving age
(Interpreted by Sybil's page)
May keep the ſacred rites,
That Boys and Virgins chaſte may ſing
For three bright days of early ſpring
And three un-clouded nights.

Siſters of fate and deſtiny
What's paſt, you ſing, and what to be:
Conſult the future doom;
Continue to prognoſticate
New honours to the riſing State,
And deathleſs fame to Rome.

The earth of Cattle and of Corn
Fruitful, ſhall Ceres' brow adorn
With ripen'd wheaten crown;
While Jove's diſſolving gales in air
Impregnating the Atmoſphere,
In gentle ſhowers come down.

BOYS.

Phœbus, unbend thy ſilver bow,
To milder purpoſes beſtow
Thy arrows ſhining bright:

GIRLS.

O! Luna gliding in thy ſphere,
Regard your ſuppliants' virgin prayer,
Thou horned queen of night.

BOTH CHOIRS.

If Rome was built by hands divine,
If leaders of the Trojan line,
To Latium ſteer'd their way:
If great Æneas led by Fate,
Quitted the ruin'd Trojan ſtate,
To bear in Latium ſway;

The pious Prince, not flames annoy,
Æneas ſcap'd from burning Troy,
Secur'd his friends a road;
Great Founder of the Roman name,
To Latium's better land he came,
And choſe a new abode.

If this be true, as bards relate;
Ye Gods defend the Roman ſtate;
Inſtruct the docile youth,
From vice contagious oh! protect,
In Virtue's path their feet direct,
That leads to Heavenly truth.

God of the medicinal art,
Kind Phœbus! to old age impart,
The balm of eaſe and peace:
In wealth increaſing and in fame,
Grant Rome an everlaſting name.
Nor let her glories ceaſe.

Behold at yonder ſacred ſhine,
With grace and mein and air divine,
The Emperor' ſelf attend,
The ſon of Venus, lo! appears
And ſacrifices milk-white ſteers,
While vows to Heaven aſcend.

He ſhall deſpiſe the ſavage arts
Of blood and carnage; o'er the hearts
Of his wide Empire reign:
His peaceful Goverment extend
To the wide earth's remoteſt end,
Beyond the ſtormy main.

The humble Mede, ſubdue'd of late,
Now owns the Alban Magiſtrate;
While embaſſy to Rome
The Seythian fierce, and Indian ſend
(Their ſtubborn pride now taught to bend)
To learn th' Imperial doom,

The conquer'd nations glad reſort,
To Rome, were Honour holds her Court,
And peace and plenty reign;
Where Modeſty and faith reſter'd
Auguſtus own their ſovereign Lord:
Throughout his wide Domain.

BOYS,

Oh! Augur, Phœbus, hear my Prayer,
Phœbus, the Muſes' ſacred Seer,
Thy influence kind impart;
Teach health decay'd again to live,
To feeble limbs new vigour give,
God of the healing Art!

O God of light, propitious ſhine
Upon the Temple Palatine,
And Rome's fair City view:
Foretell in thy prophetic rage,
That each approaching deſtin'd age
May riſe to honours new.

GIRLS,

O Goddeſs from thy ſacred ſhrine
On Algidum or Aventine,
The Prieſts of Sibyl hear:
To each enobled youth, who ſings
Or ſtrikes in turn the ſounding ſtring,
Incline a friendly ear.

BOTH CHOIRS,

Poſſeſs'd with influence divine,
We feel propitious Phœbus ſhine,
On Rome's imperial ſtate;
We ſee celeſtial Jove to nod
We give the Sanction of that God,
Who ſigns decree of fate.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

INSPIR'D by Phœbus and the Nine,
What Horace ſung in ſtrains divine,
In humble verſe I ſing;
Honour and fame prognoſticate,
To freeborn Britain's Naval State,
And to her Patriot King.

FINIS.